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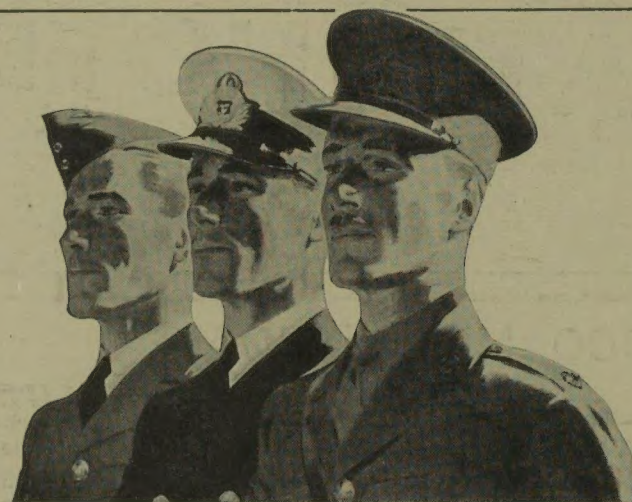
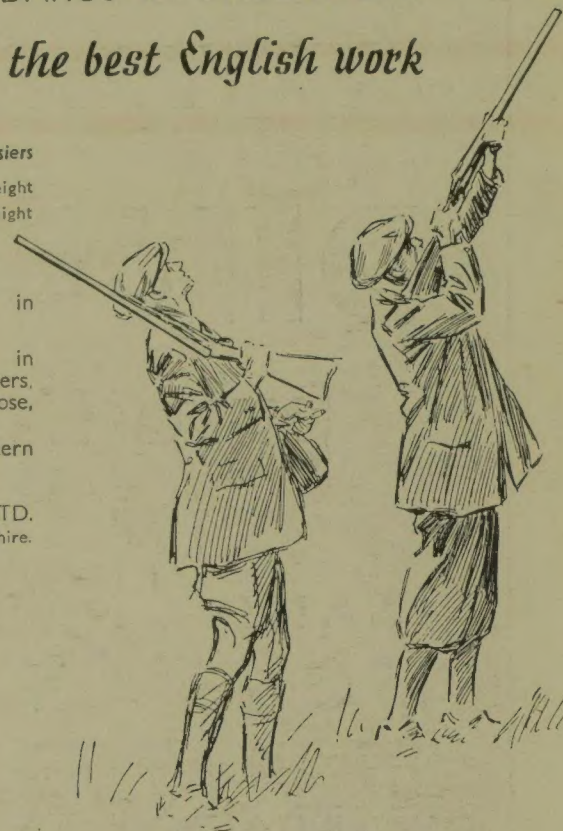
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1939.



THE MASTER OF THE "STONEGATE" RECEIVED ABOARD THE "DEUTSCHLAND" WITH THE TRADITIONAL COURTESY OF THE SEAS: CAPTAIN RANDALL RETURNING THE SALUTE OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE GERMAN RAIDER.

The courtesy shown by the captain of the "Deutschland" to Captain Randall and the men of the "Stonegate" (sunk by the "Deutschland" in the Atlantic on October 5) accords more with the spirit of the age-old traditions of the sea than with that of the upstart Nazi politicians who were responsible for this war; and is also in striking contrast with the brutal conduct of certain U-boat commanders. Above we show the English skipper going aboard the "Deutschland"

and acknowledging the salute of Captain Wenneked. Captain Randall was wearing civilian clothes at the time of his capture. Among other things, Captain Randall was given the only English paper aboard—and this was none other than "The Illustrated London News" of August 12, an issue devoted largely to the King's inspection of the Reserve Fleet in Weymouth Bay. Other aspects of the "Deutschland's" activities are illustrated on succeeding pages.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER; FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN RANDALL.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE is one very curious thing about this war. As a matter of fact, there are a good many. But this one has naturally struck a quiet country-dweller more than most. That is, that the impenetrable barrier between the combatant peoples does not exist in the same way in the present conflict as it did in the last. I am not thinking of the kind of Teutonic utterance that a certain type of publicist—apparently common to all nations—makes when he says or writes that he wants to overthrow the enemy's Government, smash the enemy's army, and sink the enemy's ships because he loves the enemy's people and wants to rescue them from their rulers or from the horrid embraces of their scheming, war-mongering allies. These are the kind of things that professional propagandists like to say, and, for all I know (Dr. Goebbels, who is a law to himself, always excepted), sincerely believe to be true. For my own part, I have never hated the German people, and I cannot claim, however much I may want to see their Army beaten and their Fleet sunk, that I now love them. A normal man can love or hate his next-door neighbour and have a very good reason for doing so. But he cannot love or hate a whole people in the aggregate, the vast majority of whom he has never even set eyes on, any more than he can love or hate the man in the moon. He may, of course, wish to have them all starved into submission or blown to bits because their activities are a nuisance to him. Or he may wish to see them prosperous and contented in order that their activities may not be a nuisance to him any more. Either of these attitudes is intelligible. But when he says he hates or loves them, he is merely saying the thing that is not. The fact that he does not even know he is doing so does not make his utterance any the more true.

It is not love or anything approaching it that is making breaches in the barriers erected between the nations by the inhuman rigidity of modern war. It is knowledge. And it is not knowledge provided by books or newspapers, of which there is as little in these days of snowing print as at any time in the recorded history of civilised man. It is afforded by a far more recent invention than printing—the wireless. Nor is it even knowledge given deliberately over the air. It does not come to us from Portland Place, nor from the mysterious rustic haunt to which so many of our aerial Irvings and Grocks appear to have retired to provide us entertainment to their own, if not to our, perfect satisfaction. Nor is it derived from our old friend Dr. Goebbels' comic

and imaginative news programmes, which, as usual, are informative but not informing. Even if the truth about Germany from within was obtainable from such official or semi-official sources, I fear I should miss it, for I seldom listen to them. For the secret of being happy in a time of anxiety and stress is to be continuously occupied, preferably in something useful. This is what Aunt Plessington, in Mr. H. G. Wells' "Marriage," called the "principle of continuous occupation." Aunt Plessington, it will be remembered, wanted to force it on others. But the present writer prefers to force it on himself. And listening to the news half a dozen times a day breaks the course of such occupation and makes it difficult to resume it. I console myself by reflecting that it will make no difference to the course of events whether I listen to the incessant announcement of them or not.

of his outraged relatives and neighbours by incessantly turning the knob of his wireless set in order to listen to distorted sounds emanating, or purporting to emanate from one foreign station after another. It was not the Overture to the "Magic Flute" he wished to listen to, but Rome; not the waltzes of the great Strauss perfectly played, but Vienna. As long as he could feel he was making contact with one of those remote places, he was happy. As soon as he had done so he set to work, amid inhuman screeches and wailings, to contact another.

That is now the kind of man war has made me. But it is not for the pleasure of knowing that I am listening to Prague or Madrid that I turn the knob of my radio set, but in order, in a stark and cheerless time, to enjoy the happiness and inspiration of good music. As I can no longer get it from Britain, I have

to get it from abroad. I sincerely hope that this will not get me into trouble with Sir John Anderson and his watchdogs, but if it does I shall at least go to prison with resignation. And I must admit frankly that I get a good deal of excellent music from enemy sources. In a sense, I can feel that I am robbing them, for I pay no licence for it and it must cost them quite a lot of effort and money to produce anything so good. And in another sense I am grateful. For, as I listen, I know that even Germans are human beings and yearn for the same lovely and profitable things as I and my countrymen desire. I have no doubt that if I could hear the Führer taking bloody counsel with his henchmen, or tune-in to the horrors of the prison camp at Buchenwald, I should cease to



A UNIQUE MEMENTO OF THE CAREER OF A GERMAN RAIDER, AND A HEART-WARMING EXAMPLE OF THE TRADITIONAL COURTESY OF THE SEAS: THE SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY THE COMMANDER OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND" TO THE MASTER OF "STONEGATE," THE BRITISH MERCHANT SHIP SUNK BY THE RAIDER IN MID-ATLANTIC, WISHING HIM "GOOD LUCK!"

This photograph—concrete evidence of a historic incident of the war at sea—bears the signature of Captain Wenneked, who bids fair to become as famous in this war as did the Captain of the "Emden" in the last, as the result of his connection with the "City of Flint" affair. The photograph lies before us as we write, mounted in a presentation folder, and inscribed, in excellent English: "In remembrance of your stay aboard the 'Deutschland.' Good luck!" Captain Randall, who prizes the photograph as one of his most treasured possessions, told "The Illustrated London News" that Captain Wenneked spoke excellent English, and said that he had memories of a sojourn in England as a prisoner in the last war, when he received good treatment. The "Stonegate's" crew remained aboard the "Deutschland" from October 5 until October 9, being then transferred to the "City of Flint," captured on that date. Captain Wenneked's treatment of the British crew contrasts in every way with the brutality of many U-boat commanders.

Photograph exclusive to "The Illustrated London News."

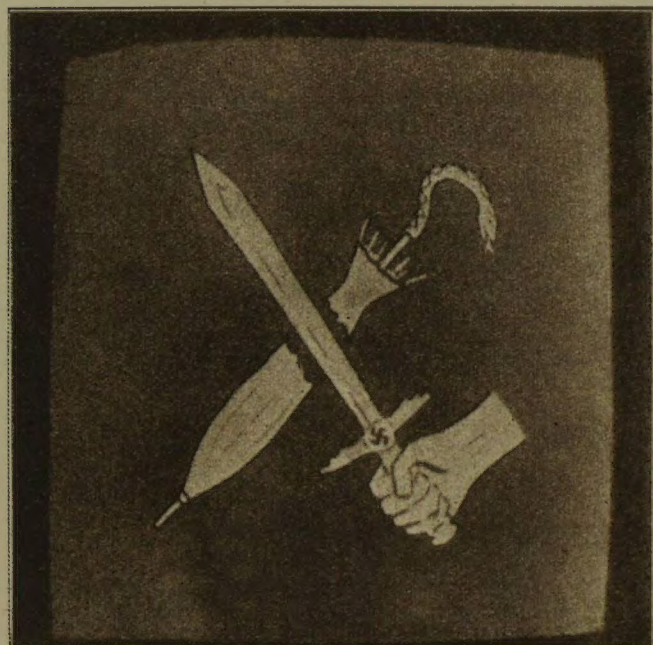
But what I can and do listen to is music. In the old days—the days when the B.B.C. was heroically and very successfully educating Britain in good music, and before it capitulated to the threats of newspaper radio critics and the superior claims of cinema organs and lunchtime gipsy bands—I used to get all I wanted from English stations. More recently, before the war, owing to the decay of British radio music, I began to make tentative but not very successful efforts to tune-in, from the heart of rural Loamshire, to the radio studios of the Continent. What they were broadcasting was doubtless excellent music, but by the time it reached me it had suffered a sea or air change into something which was certainly strange, but was not rich nor even music. Yet necessity is notoriously the mother of invention. War has made me an expert radio manipulator—the sort of detestable creature who in the days of peace was always risking a well-merited death at the hands

think of Germans as human beings and come to regard them (as we used to do in the last war, and many of those who write our daily newspapers apparently still do in this) as mechanical monsters without any of the attributes of our common mortality. But I do not hear these things, and if by any ill chance I accidentally tune-in to Hitler addressing the troops, or Ribbentrop explaining the consistency of his political actions, I twist the magic knob a millimetre to the left or right and speed over mountain and forest until, a hundred or five hundred miles away, I hear the thunder of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony or (as I heard the other night) a concert of boys singing the folk-songs of a happier, gentler and more Christian Germany. If thus to trade with one's enemy in the realm of the spirit is treason, I for one shall continue to commit it until the Gestapo forbids music in the Reich on the grounds of the Higher Culture, or a gentleman from the Home Office arrives to take away my wireless set.

NAZI "WISH-FULFILMENT" PHOTOGRAPHS: BOASTS OF AIR SUPREMACY.



WHEN GERMAN CAMERAS MUST MAKE UP FOR THE FAILURES OF GERMAN BOMBERS: A PHOTOGRAPH, STATED TO SHOW "GERMAN WARPLANES OVER THE ENGLISH COAST," WHERE, IT IS FALSELY CLAIMED, THEY "PENETRATED FAR INLAND UNHINDERED."



(LEFT.) A GERMAN AIR SQUADRON'S EMBLEM, SYMBOLISING "TO DESTROY WITH THE GERMAN SWORD THE UMBRELLA WITH THE SERPENT'S CROOK." (RIGHT.) A GERMAN PHOTOGRAPH OF A BOMB-AIMER WHO "CAN DROP THE DEATH-DEALING LOAD ON AN ENEMY WARSHIP."

That the unsuccessful reconnaissance flights to Scotland by German aircraft and the abortive bombing raids on our convoys, warships or naval bases should be hailed in Germany as aerial triumphs is no cause for surprise when the stupid falsehoods of nightly broadcasts in English from Nazi radio-stations are borne in mind. The above pictures, reproduced from an enemy periodical, exemplify the bankruptcy of Nazi propaganda in this direction. The original caption to the top photograph

declares that it shows German fighter aircraft "over the English coast"—a claim which nobody can deny for the photograph might have been taken anywhere—adding the highly improbable statement that these machines (so neatly grouped) "flew along and penetrated far inland without being disturbed by English anti-aircraft defence or fighters." The picture above (bottom, right) illustrates the dramatic moment before the release of aerial bombs, which so far have done little damage here.

ON WARTIME PATROL: REST AND WORK ABOARD A BRITISH SUBMARINE.



OFF DUTY: MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE ENJOYING A GAME OF CARDS IN THE TORPEDO FLAT WHILE THEIR VESSEL PATROLS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR GERMAN WARSHIPS, SMOKING BEING PERMITTED WHEN THE SUBMARINE IS ON THE SURFACE. (Keystone.)



ON DUTY: OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE CREW AT THEIR DIVING STATIONS IN READINESS TO DIVE IF GERMAN SUBMARINE-HUNTING CRAFT ARE SIGHTED, WHILE THE COMMANDER SCANS THE HORIZON THROUGH THE PERISCOPE IN SEARCH OF RAIDING ENEMY WARSHIPS. (Fox.)

At the time of writing, little has been heard of the work of British submarines, for, unlike the German submarine service, their duties consist chiefly in patrolling on the watch for Nazi warships, and the vessels of neutral countries have nothing to fear from them. Even in peacetime, life aboard a submarine is hazardous,

but in wartime, of course, it becomes far more dangerous. These photographs give some idea of the cramped existence inside one of these vessels—conditions calling for mental alertness and physical perfection as opportunities for recreation are restricted and the safety of all depends on each member of the crew.

THE NAVY'S GREATEST CARTOGRAPHER.

"THE LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N., F.R.S...": By SURGEON REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN R. MUIR.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE have been several "Lives" of Captain Cook. "Of all the naval men who have won undying fame and the love and gratitude of their countrymen, Cook stands out as the only one whose eminent position owes nothing to his fighting qualities"; but the character of the man was so remarkable, the dangers and difficulties he overcame so prolonged, the career so unique which brought a day-labourer's son to high naval rank, to a Fellowship of the Royal Society on sheer scientific merit, and to the highest reputation amongst all the great explorers of history, that no martial story is more worth the re-telling than his. Admiral Muir's book, however, is more than a re-telling. The Admiral, both sailor and medical man, has a "new angle" which gives freshness to his record even when he is telling the most familiar episodes.

In a summary of Cook's achievement, the Admiral writes: "He added continents and islands innumerable to the Empire without bloodshed, usually leaving none but friendly memories among the original inhabitants, with a reputation for honesty and fair dealing which was of the utmost value to his successors. He revolutionised the current conceptions of the earth as part of the universe; was humane to the men who served under him at a time when humane treatment of inferiors was apt to be considered a form of weakness; studied the health of his subordinates, and eased, in every possible manner, their conditions of

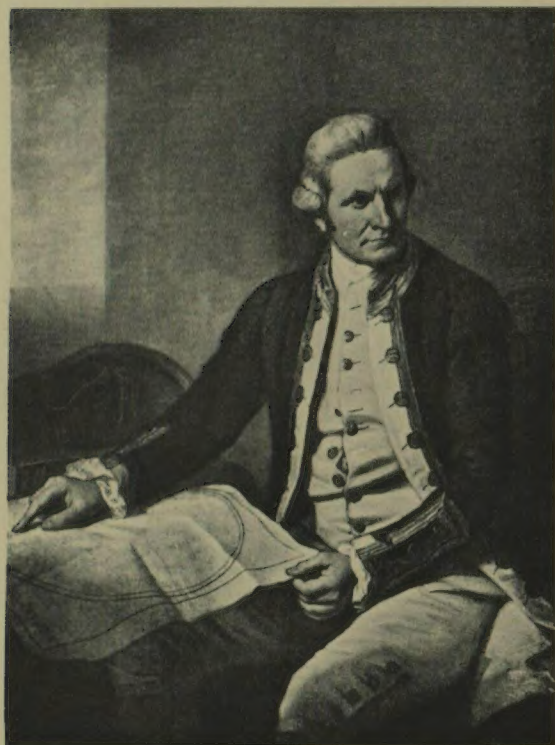
village school; at eighteen, after a period as assistant in a village store, he was apprenticed to a Whitby owner of colliers; at twenty-seven his employer, who had become his firm friend, offered him command of a ship. Had he taken it he would have risen no higher; he made a great decision and offered himself as an able seaman in the Royal Navy. Within a month—he was tall, with a grave, firm, sensitive face—he had so impressed his captain that he made him master's mate. Very shortly his captain was replaced by the man who afterwards became Sir Hugh Palliser and a Lord of the Admiralty; he was struck by Cook's ability as a seaman, was his friend for life, and after his death erected a monument to him at his family seat. For the next ten years Cook was mainly engaged in survey work off Canada and Newfoundland, having equally distinguished himself with a survey of the river before the attack on Quebec. During all these years he applied himself to cartography, astronomy, and mathematics; it was his knowledge in these respects that led chiefly to his selection in 1768 to command the vessel which was to go to the South Seas, with Joseph Banks on board as botanist, to observe the Transit of Venus.

Then, as always, Cook insisted on a collier-built boat. The "Endeavour" was but 368 tons, with bluff bows, wide waist, and shallow draught. She was, when laden with the scientific party, their gear and stores for a long voyage, overcrowded, so especially liable to be unhygienic; and in her Cook set out on the first of the three great voyages which he crowded into eleven years. This book contains a folded map showing the tracks of these voyages, and it is almost unbelievable that he should have covered so much water, largely uncharted, in the time, in sailing-ships so small and slow, and with all his survey work to be done. The Pacific, Indian Ocean, and South Atlantic are criss-crossed everywhere, and in places there is a very spider's web. Every extreme of climate was encountered, the ships were overcrowded and at sea for months at a time, yet scurvy was unknown in Cook's ships and he hardly ever lost a man except by accident. All this happened but a few years after Anson's squadron, gathering after barely a year at sea, found that of 961 who had left England, 626 were dead. Cook insisted—efficiency would have made him insist, even apart from his remarkable humanity—on fresh air, decent clothing, and above all, cleanliness and rational diet. With the dirt departed the typhus; with the fresh meat and vegetables, the malt-wort and the lemon-juice, departed the scurvy. It was generations before the Navy at large rose to his level in these respects; and as for our armies in the field, they could have done with a Cook, amateur though he was, in any war up to the last. After over two years at sea he was able to write to the Admiralty: "I have the satisfaction to say that I have not lost one man by sickness during the whole voyage." That probably broke all records, and therein lay the foundation of all his vast success.

Admiral Muir confesses at the end that little is discoverable about the private life and character of Cook. He married and contrived to have six children, the last surviving of whom was drowned as a naval commander, aged thirty. But his widow, who lived on until 1835, destroyed all his letters; and his life as we know it is entirely a life of service at sea. But his deeds tell us much, and so does the portrait by Dance; and, in the course of tracing his life, his biographer summarises the events of the voyages remarkably well. As a matter of curiosity I compared his chapters with the four-volume edition of the

was the first to cross, looking for a great Southern continent), been baffled by the ice of the Behring Straits when searching for the North-West Passage, circled New Zealand, landed at, and named, Botany Bay, navigated coral reefs inside the Great Barrier Reef, charting an enormous coast-line unknown to Western man, and wandered for years from island to island of the South Seas, finding here a debased tribe of savages, and here the sunny inhabitants of a green Eden, soon, alas! to be desecrated and ruined. Everywhere there is a newness of people, of mountains, lagoons and seas, of birds and fish; such an experience will never come to man. There is an eighteenth-century reference in this book to a disease called "Nostalgia," much common among sailors. In another form the reader of all books about the old South Seas must have it—a nostalgia for a world gone by.

Admiral Muir's narrative is as just as it is vivid. He does admit that here and there Cook made mistakes, possibly through haste of temper; on occasion there were, and Cook deplored it, killings of natives which might have been

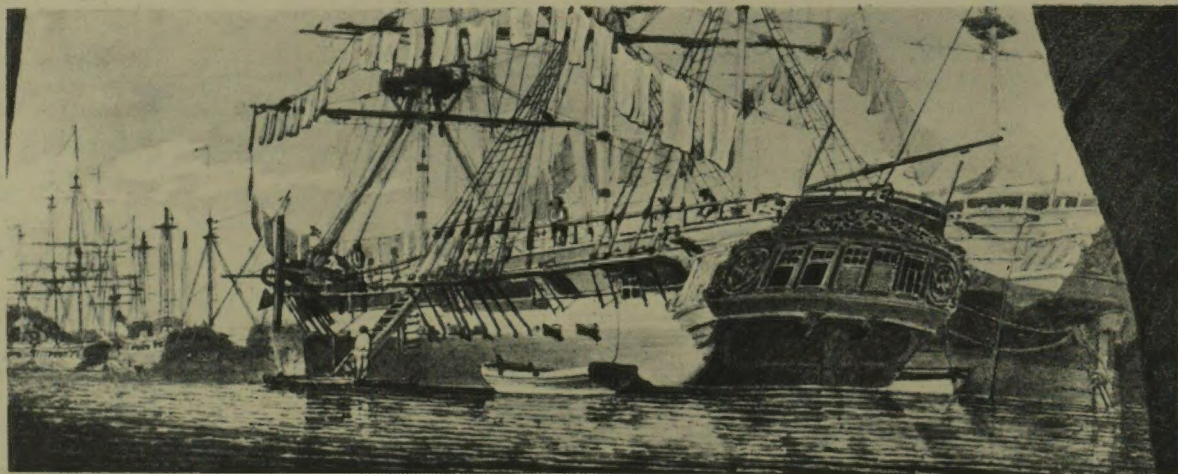


CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

(From the Painting by George Dance in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.)

service at a period when death, disease, and intolerable hardship were looked upon as the inescapable consequences of sea service; proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the appalling losses of personnel attendant on oversea voyages were unnecessary and so easily avoidable that the circumnavigation of the globe, as far as disease was concerned, was, at least, as safe as living at home in England; and, having conferred this inestimable boon upon seamen, finally lost his life as the result of the last fine gesture of ordering his men to cease firing at the savages who were attempting to murder him." The emphasis is laid here on Cook as a reformer at sea, and above all, as a medical reformer. And it is implied that his other achievements, in all their magnitude, would have been impossible had it not been for his genius in that regard.

James Cook was born at Marton-in-Cleveland in 1728; at eight he was working for a farmer, and attending a



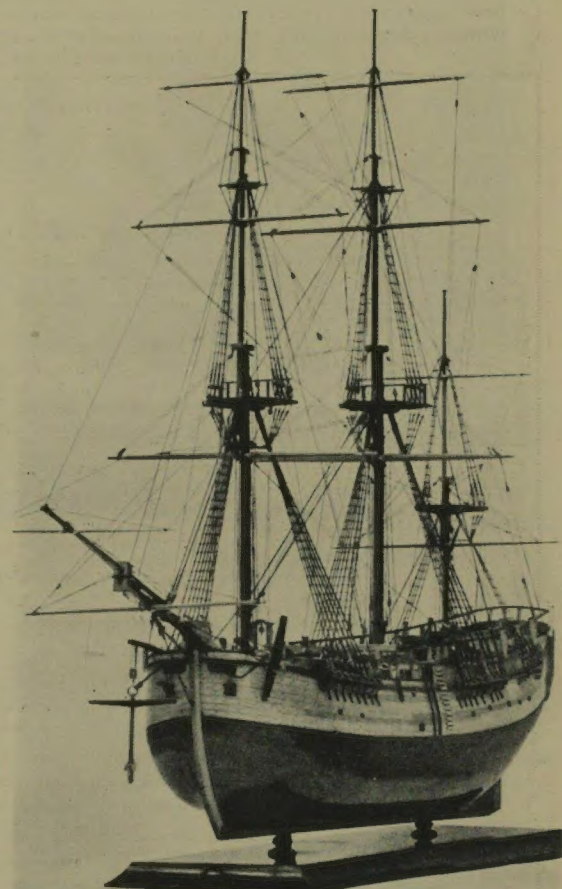
THE "DISCOVERY," WHICH ACCOMPANIED COOK, IN THE "RESOLUTION," ON THE THIRD AND LAST VOYAGE, BEING UNDER HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND, CAPTAIN CLERKE.

The last voyage, which began on July 13, 1776, ended in tragedy—Cook being killed by the natives in Hawaii on February 14, 1779; and his second-in-command, Clerke, who sailed on all three voyages, dying of consumption only a few weeks later. The two ships returned to England in 1780.

(From an Original Water-Colour by Cleveley in the Possession of R. Lionel Foster, Esq.)

last "Voyage," published under the names of Captains Cook and King, and was surprised to see how he had managed to include every detail which was especially important or interesting or amusing without producing the effect of a *précis*.

When one has finished this book, one has the impression of having read a much longer one, so ample and crowded is the panorama displayed. One has rounded the Horn and the Cape, sailed along the Antarctic Circle (which Cook



THE SHIP IN WHICH COOK MADE THE FIRST OF HIS THREE GREAT VOYAGES TO THE SOUTH SEAS AND CIRCUMNAVIGATED THE GLOBE: THE "ENDEAVOUR."

The dimensions of the "Endeavour" are given as 100 ft. long, 30 ft. beam, 13½ ft. draught, and 368 tons burden. Cook set off in her on August 26, 1768, returning to the Downs on July 12, 1771, having, as he himself wrote, "explored more of the Great South Sea, than all that have gone before." A model of the "Endeavour" is in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich.

(Reproduction from "Captain James Cook..."; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Blackie.)

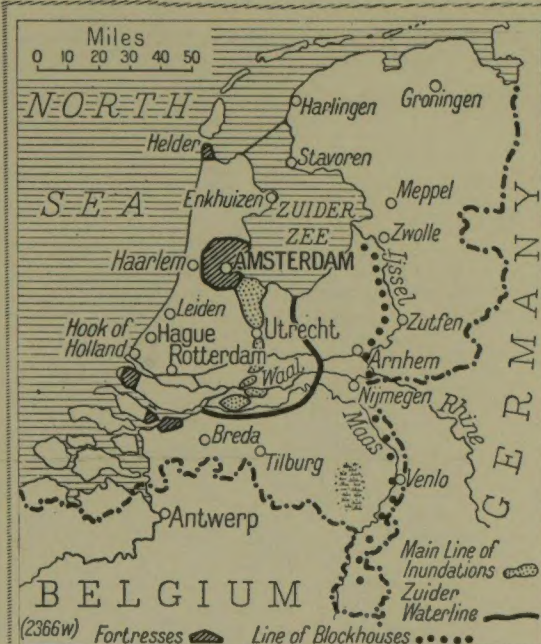
avoided. The one man to whom he is not perhaps quite fair is Bligh, who sailed with Cook on his last voyage. He says generously that Bligh's "boat journey to Timor after the mutiny has never been equalled in distance, perils of the sea, and control of men rendered desperate by the privations they had undergone"; but adds, "the justification of the mutineers of the 'Bounty,' if any is necessary, is contained in the action of the people of New South Wales when they rose against his rule as Governor, forcibly deposed him, and kept him as a prisoner for two years." That, I suppose, would hardly have happened to Cook, who, as a ruler of men, was one in a million. But even Cook might have found it difficult to deal with the corrupt gang of oligarchs, military and commercial, among whom Bligh found himself in New South Wales.

* "The Life and Achievements of Captain James Cook, R.N., F.R.S., Explorer, Navigator, Surveyor and Physician." By Surgeon Rear-Admiral John R. Muir. Illustrated. (Blackie; 10s. 6d.)

HOLLAND LOOKS TO HER DEFENCES: MAKING FLOOD ZONES TANK-PROOF.



HOW HOLLAND TESTS THE WATER DEFENCES WHICH WOULD BAR AN INVADER'S WAY: A LIGHT TANK DITCHED WHILE TRYING TO GET ACROSS A FLOODED AREA IN AN EXERCISE CARRIED OUT BY THE DUTCH ARMY TO DISCOVER WHETHER WEAK SPOTS EXISTED. (Wide World.)



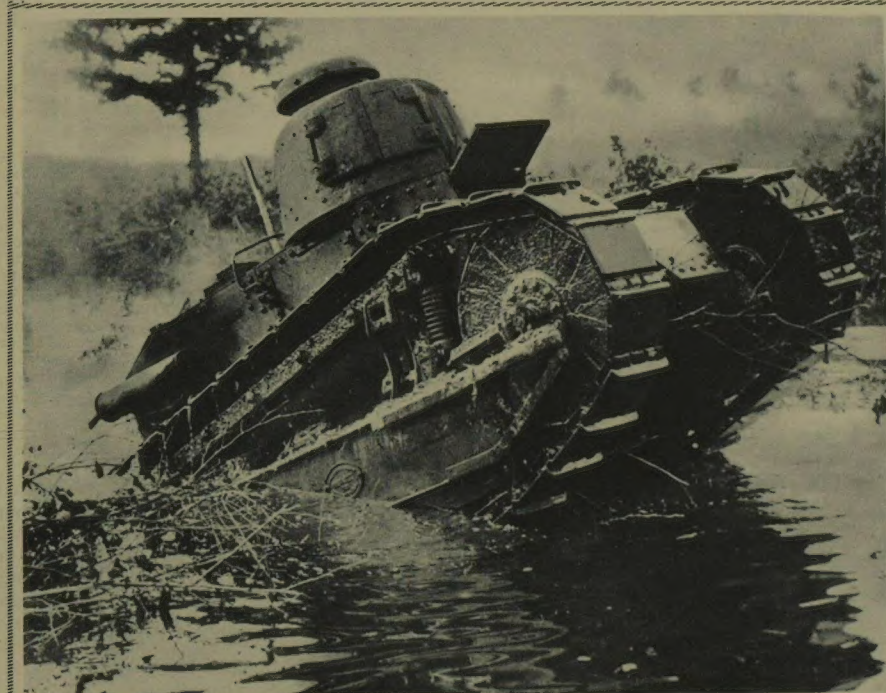
A SMALL-SCALE MAP OF THE NETHERLANDS, SHOWING FORTRESSES, AND THE YSSEL DEFENCE LINE WITH ITS CHAIN OF BLOCKHOUSES. (Courtesy of "The Times.")



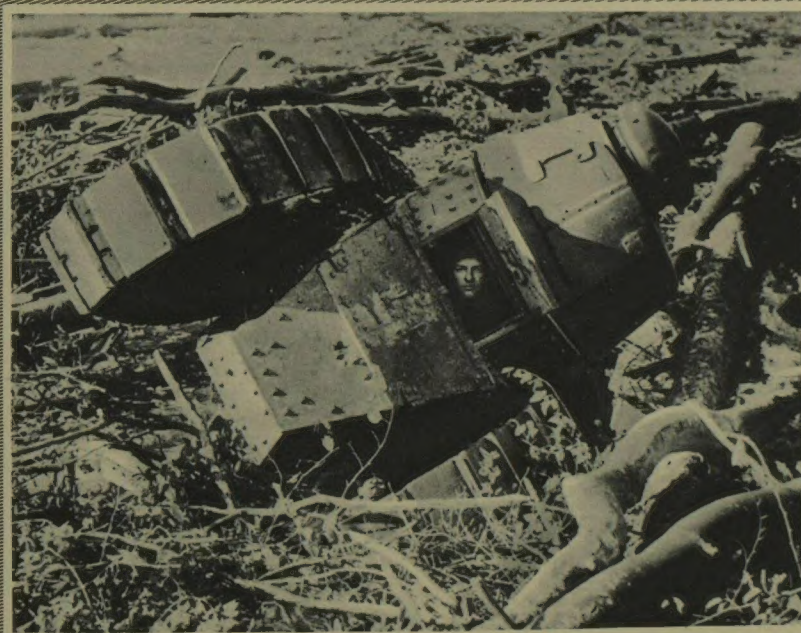
IN READINESS FOR AN EMERGENCY: THE BANKS OF A DYKE PIERCED IN PREPARATION FOR FLOODING THE COUNTRYSIDE, THE GAP BEING TEMPORARILY FILLED WITH SAND-BAGS. (S. and G.)



A DUTCH LIGHT MACHINE-GUN CARRIER STUCK FAST IN FLOODED FRONTIER TERRITORY DURING AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT BY THE "ATTACKERS" TO PENETRATE THE COUNTRY'S DEFENCES IN ARMY EXERCISES. (Wide World.)



ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE FORMIDABLE CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH FRONTIER DEFENCES, DESIGNED TO RENDER AN INVADING ARMY IMPOTENT TO ADVANCE: A DUTCH ARMY TANK BOGGED WHILE NEGOTIATING A FLOODED AREA. (Wide World.)



THE FATE RESERVED FOR THOUSANDS OF GERMAN LIGHT TANKS IF HITLER RESOLVES ON WAR WITH HOLLAND: A MACHINE THAT HAS COME TO GRIEF IN A HIDDEN TRAP IN A DUTCH DEFENSIVE ZONE. (Wide World.)

If the fault of the Dutch under the prevailing strain put upon their temper by menacing indications in Germany cannot be described as "'protesting' too much," the Netherlands Government is taking no chances where the defence of the country against unprovoked aggression is concerned. In our issue of October 7 we published a photograph showing the Commander-in-Chief of the Netherlands Forces, Baron J. J. G. van Voort Tot Voort, inspecting inundations near Utrecht, where, in view of the proximity of war, Dutch waterways had been allowed to reach a higher level than before. Such inundation is now, as in former times, Holland's

main defence against invasion, and as the photographs reproduced above indicate, any attempt by Hitler to force a lightning war on that small but resolute nation in order to further his sinister designs against England is doomed to frustration. The pictures were taken during recent Dutch military manoeuvres near the German frontier, where an attempt was made by mechanised units to negotiate—or perhaps we should say, navigate—the inundated area. The ill-success of the attempt is conclusively demonstrated on this page. The Dutch inundation defences were fully illustrated, it will be recalled, by a pictorial map in our issue of October 21.

THE "DEUTSCHLAND'S." FIRST VICTIM: THE SINKING OF THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM DETAILS



THE BEGINNING OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE CREW OF THE BRITISH MERCHANTMAN "STONEGATE": THEIR SHIP IS STOPPED IN THE ATLANTIC BY THE GERMAN POCKET-BATTLESHIP "DEUTSCHLAND," WHICH SIGNALS "HEAVE TO OR I FIRE," AND "RADIO IS FORBIDDEN." (TIME, 11 A.M.)

"STONEGATE"; WHOSE CREW WENT ABOARD THE "CITY OF FLINT."

SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN F. G. RANDALL OF THE "STONEGATE."



THE "DEUTSCHLAND" TURNS AND COMES UP TO STARBOARD OF THE "STONEGATE" AND SIGNALS "ABANDON SHIP." CAPTAIN RANDALL IS CALLED ABOARD THE GERMAN; HIS BOAT BEING HERE SEEN CROSSING THE INTERVENING QUARTER-MILE OF ROUGH SEA.



HAVING TAKEN THE ENTIRE CREW OF THE "STONEGATE" ON BOARD, THE "DEUTSCHLAND" COMES ROUND UNDER THE STERN OF THE MERCHANT-

On the front page of this issue we illustrate the scene as the skipper of the British cargo steamer "Stonegate" went aboard the commerce raider "Deutschland"; and on another page the autographed photograph of the German pocket-battleship given to Captain Randall as a memento by the German commander. On these pages our artist, utilising the details given him by Captain Randall, illustrates the stopping and sinking of the "Stonegate," as she was proceeding from Tocopilla (Chile) to a home port with a cargo of nitrates. The sinking took place on October 5. The morning was cloudy, with a heavy

sea running. In latitude 31.N. 53.W., many miles east of the Bermudas, at about eleven in the morning, a look-out reported "warship approaching on the port bow." The captain, through his glasses, immediately recognised the approaching ship as a German. A flutter of signal flags went up to the signal yard of the warship, reading in international code "Heave to" ("O.L."). Another flag signal read "Radio is forbidden." The "Stonegate" accordingly stopped, and the "Deutschland," passing her, turned and came up astern. She then hoisted the signal "Abandon ship." The "Stonegate's" people launched



MAN AND SHELLS HER, SETTING HER CARGO OF NITRATES ON FIRE. FINALLY, AT ABOUT 2 P.M., THE "STONEGATE" GOES DOWN BY THE BOWS.

their two boats: the captain's from the starboard side and the mate's from the port side. It may here be noted that the "Stonegate's" boats were of the lever-propulsion type, no oars being used. The captain of the "Stonegate" was ordered to repair aboard the German. His boat passed along the starboard side of the "Deutschland." Captain Randall was received with the traditional courtesy of the sea by the captain and officers on the quarter-deck of the German warship. The "Deutschland" then came round under the stern of the silent and abandoned British cargo boat and when at a distance of approximately

a quarter of a mile, opened fire with her secondary guns. After a considerable amount of shelling, the "Stonegate" still remained afloat, though on fire. The "Deutschland" then brought her heavy guns into action, and the British ship went down. The "Stonegate's" officers and crew were comfortably accommodated in the warship. There they remained until October 9, when the "Deutschland" came up with and captured the U.S. freighter "City of Flint," thereby providing the material for what is likely to be one of the most celebrated *affaires* of the war. The incident is illustrated on the succeeding double-page.

G. H. DAVIS
1939

THE BEGINNING OF THE EVENTFUL ODYSSEY OF THE "CITY OF FLINT": THE "DEUTSCHLAND'S" PRIZE CREW GO ABOARD.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS, FROM DETAILS

PERSONALLY SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN F. G. RANDALL, OF THE "STONEGATE."



THE "DEUTSCHLAND" STOPS THE "CITY OF FLINT"—THE BEGINNING OF THE SERIES OF INCIDENTS WHICH HAVE MADE

On October 9, in latitude 45.07 N. and longitude 43.22 W.—that is, at a spot perhaps 600 miles away from where the "Stonegate" had been sunk, and about mid-way between Newfoundland and the Azores—the "Deutschland" came up with the American cargo steamer "City of Flint." The weather was dull, with a moderate sea. On approaching the American vessel, the same flag signals were hoisted as when the "Stonegate" was stopped. One of the cruiser's motor-boats was launched, and a prize crew, consisting

of four officers and fourteen men, armed with revolvers and hand-grenades, went aboard the American. Her papers were examined and she was declared to be carrying contraband, and, therefore, a prize of war. The crew of the "Stonegate" were sent across to the American ship and the prize crew on board were ordered to remain and take the ship into Hamburg. The "Stonegate's" men were far less comfortable in the "City of Flint" than they had been in the "Deutschland" (Press reports spoke of their

THE AMERICAN SHIP FAMOUS: THE PRIZE CREW FROM THE GERMAN RAIDER GOING ABOARD TO EXAMINE THE AMERICAN.

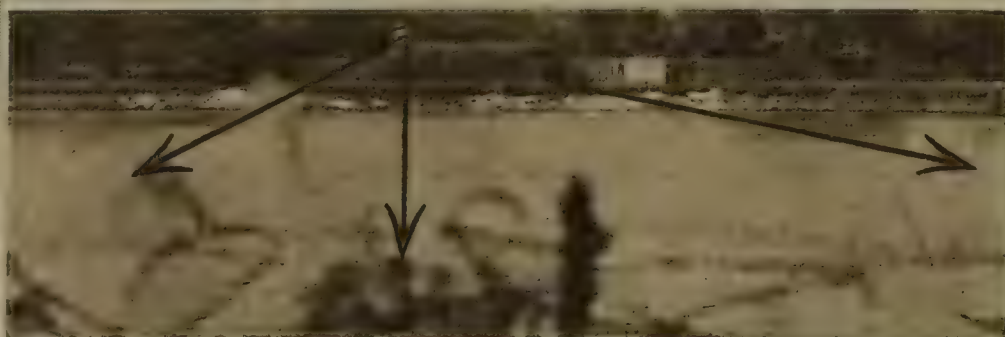
being confined to the lazaret). Steering a far-northerly course, however, the "City of Flint" reached Norwegian waters; and instead of going southwards, she put in at Tromsø. Here the Norwegian authorities, learning that she had a German prize crew and British prisoners on board, sent out two warships, a destroyer and a submarine, which took up their stations to port and to starboard. A Norwegian naval party went aboard and temporarily took charge. Eventually, the "Stonegate's" men were released and sent

ashore. Later they made their way back to England, no doubt counting themselves lucky to see these shores again after their strange series of adventures. Meanwhile, the "City of Flint," released by the Norwegians, pursued her chequered career, up into the Arctic Circle to Murmansk, and back again through Norwegian territorial waters in an attempt to steal through to Germany. Finally she put in at Haugesund on a pretext judged to be too flimsy by the Norwegians and her prize crew were consequently interned

THE WAR THROUGH GERMAN LENSES: A FAMOUS U-BOAT FIGURE; LIFE IN THE SIEGFRIED LINE.



THE MAN THE NAZIS CLAIM SANK "ROYAL OAK" IN SCAPA FLOW, IN HIS U-BOAT: LIEUT. PRIEN PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE CONNING-TOWER.



WHAT THE MAGINOT LINE LOOKS LIKE TO THE OTHER SIDE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A FRENCH PILL-BOX TAKEN FROM ACROSS THE RHINE, WITH ARROWS INDICATING THE DIRECTIONS COVERED BY ITS FIRE; AND THE GERMAN WIRE IN THE FOREGROUND.



ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE RHINE: GERMAN SOLDIERS MOVING BEHIND A CAMOUFLAGE SCREEN WHICH PREVENTS OBSERVATION OF THE GERMAN DEFENCES FROM THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE RIVER.



A "HOME-FROM-HOME" IN THE SIEGFRIED LINE: GERMANS PASSING THE TIME READING OUTSIDE THEIR PILL-BOX, WHICH IS OF THE MEDIUM TYPE.



WHERE THE RAILWAY ONCE LINKED FRANCE WITH GERMANY: A BARRIER OF STEEL GATES ACROSS THE METALS—THOUGH THE BRIDGE BEYOND APPEARS TO BE UNDAMAGED; WHILE GERMAN SENTRIES STAND UNCONCERNED IN THE OPEN.



THE MOST FREQUENT TYPE OF ACTIVITY OF RECENT WEEKS WITH THE GERMANS ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE: A PATROL GOING OUT ARMED WITH RIFLES AND STICK-BOMBS.

These photographs, taken from a German illustrated periodical, mostly show life in the Siegfried Line on the Rhine sector. Here the Germans seem to have plenty of time to spare, and all reports agree that they have not troubled the French much in this area. Such activity as goes on consists mostly in pumping out flooded positions—a duty that the Nazi photographer was careful not to photograph. Recent stories of the efforts of German engineers to lower the level of the Rhine by diverting tributaries on its upper reaches may be connected with preparations for an offensive move, but are more likely to be designed to try and avoid the inundation of German positions. Under the photograph of the French pill-box is the following description: "For a considerable distance the Maginot

Line runs along the banks of the Rhine. The pill-box that is seen here is one of medium dimensions. It is surmounted by a little armoured observation tower, which can also be used as a gun-position. The main line of fire of this position is downstream. To the right and left of the pill-box are camouflaged and partly overgrown walls. In the foreground is seen a German barbed-wire entanglement." Under the photograph of the blocked bridge we read: "Right on the French frontier. Heavy iron gates block the metals and prevent break-throughs by hostile tanks. The bridge beyond was under French jurisdiction, and the signal board bears a notice in French. On the right is seen a German post." It is interesting to note that the bridge does not appear to have been broken.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS
OF THE WEEK:



AIR VICE-MARSHAL R. E. C. PEIRSE.
On November 6 the promotion was announced of Air Vice-Marshal R. E. C. Peirse, C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C., the Deputy Chief of the Air Staff, to be Acting Air Marshal on his appointment as an additional member of the Air Council. Previously Deputy Director of Operations and Intelligence at Air Ministry.



ALDERMAN SIR WILLIAM G. COXEN.
London's new Lord Mayor, who was expected to take office on November 8. The first Lord Mayor of London for a century to have dispensed with a "Lord Mayor's Show," owing to the war. Was Chairman, Joint Industrial Council (Municipal Services, London District), 1920-22.



M. ADOLPHE MAX.
Died November 6; aged seventy. Achieved fame while Burgomaster of Brussels during Great War by refusing to comply with General von Luttwitz's extortionate demands, for which he suffered imprisonment at Namur and Glatz (Silesia), being treated as a common criminal. Returned to Brussels in 1918.



TO CO-ORDINATE THE EMPIRE'S WAR EFFORTS: MINISTERS FROM THE DOMINIONS AND INDIA PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A VISIT TO THE R.A.F. FIGHTER COMMAND.
These photographs were taken during the visit to the R.A.F. Fighter Command on November 4 of the Ministers from the Dominions and India. That on the left shows (l. to r.) Group Captain F. H. Macnamara, Air Liaison Officer (Australia); Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia; Mr. P. Fraser, Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand; Mr. W. J. Jordan, New Zealand High Commissioner; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh C. T. Dowding, Air Officer C-in-C. the Fighter



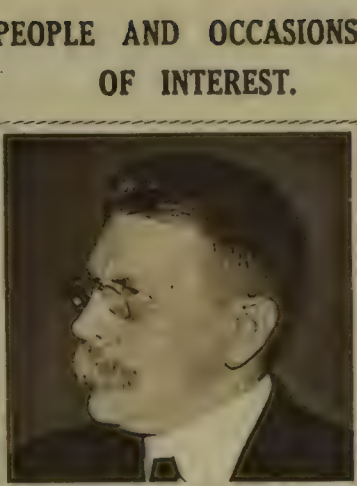
MR. D. V. KELLY, C.M.G., M.C.
Appointed to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Berne. Counsellor in the Foreign Office since 1938 and previously Acting Minister in Egypt. Aged forty-eight. Educated St. Paul's, and Magdalen College, Oxford.



MR. JOSEPH R. FISHER.
Died October 26; aged eighty-four. Publicist, historian and journalist. A champion of the rights and liberties of Ulster, especially as the Commissioner nominated by the British Government to represent the interests of Northern Ireland on the Irish Boundary Commission.



M. ERKKO.
The Finnish Foreign Minister whose speech of November 2 attracted abuse from the Soviet, which called a statement that Finland was ready to defend her territory and vital interests—"a summons to war of 3,500,000 against Russia's 170,000,000."



PROFESSOR CAJANDER.
The Finnish Premier whose speech on November 4 met with unanimous appreciation in Helsinki for its firm but conciliatory exposition of Finland's attitude in face of Soviet demands. He acknowledged that Finland's standpoint at present differed materially from that of the Soviet.



KAPITÄNLEUTNANT PRIEN—U-BOAT COMMANDER, WEARING HIS IRON CROSS.
Acclaimed in Germany as having sunk the "Royal Oak" in Scapa Flow on October 14. His account of the sinking differs in many respects from Mr. Churchill's and no mention of it was made in Germany until the news was published in Britain. He and his crew have been awarded Iron Crosses.



VISCOUNT NUFFIELD.
Has joined the Air Ministry as Director-General of Maintenance, without remuneration. Will be responsible for the vast organisation that is to maintain Britain's air strength, and for repairs to damaged aircraft. Chairman of Morris Motors, Ltd. Known throughout the Empire for his munificence. Aged sixty-two.



R.A.F. MEN DECORATED BY THE KING; INCLUDING (CENTRE) FLYING OFFICER DORAN, WHO PLAYED A BRILLIANT PART IN THE RAID ON THE GERMAN NAVAL BASES.
During a two-day visit to home stations of the Royal Air Force the King invested, on November 2, four officers and a sergeant with decorations conferred upon them for gallantry displayed in flying operations against the enemy, these being the first R.A.F. decorations conferred in the war. (L. to r.) Flying Officers A. McPherson and T. M. Wetherall Smith; Flying Officer K. Doran, Flying Officer J. Barrett, and Sergeant W. E. Willits, wearing their decorations after the investiture.



CAPTAIN JOSEPH A. GAINARD.
Master of the U.S. "City of Flint," seized by the "Deutschland" on October 9 and put in charge of a prize crew, under whom she was sailed for three weeks. Broadcast to America on November 6, telling how the leader of the German prize crew threatened American sailors when he took control.



EMPIRE REPRESENTATIVES AT THE R.A.F. FIGHTER COMMAND: A GROUP INCLUDING VISITORS FROM INDIA, SOUTH AFRICA AND CANADA.
Command; Mr. R. G. Casey, Australian Minister of Supply. The photograph on the right shows: Sir Muhammad Zafrullah Khan, member of the Governor-General's Executive Council in India; Sir Hugh Dowding; Colonel Denys Reitz, South African Minister of Native Affairs; a Staff Officer; Mr. F. S. Waterson, High Commissioner for South Africa; the Hon. T. A. Crer, Canadian Minister of Mines; and the Hon. Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner.

THE R.A.F.'s ANSWER TO PRYING GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE 'PLANES: A PURSUIT WHICH ENDED IN A "KILL."

DRAWN BY CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU, OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



NAZI HEINKEL "III" RECONNAISSANCE MACHINES ENDEAVOURING TO PHOTOGRAPH BEHIND OUR LINES IN FRANCE ARE IMMEDIATELY PURSUED BY BRITISH FIGHTERS, AND EMIT CLOUDS OF VAPOUR TO COVER THEIR RETREAT; AN INCIDENT WITNESSED BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST IN FRANCE.

Captain Bryan de Grineau, our special war artist on the Western Front, sends us this drawing of an incident which figured widely in the British Press some days ago. On November 2 German reconnaissance 'planes were tempted by sunny weather and a clear atmosphere to venture over the British lines to take aerial photographs. They were Heinkel "III" machines—twin-engined

bombers of the same type as that recently shot down by our fighters in Scotland. Within two and a half minutes of the alarm being given half-a-dozen British machines were in the air. Captain de Grineau writes: "The German Heinkel 'planes, after being heavily engaged by our anti-aircraft fire, were driven off, hotly pursued by our fighters. I saw the Germans emit

long trails of vapour in two distinct streaks in their endeavour to confuse and evade a machine which was rapidly coming up in their rear. The chase went on until eventually our fighter brought down his opponent with bursts of machine-gun fire." One of the pilots who attacked these machines told a "Daily Telegraph" correspondent that he held his fire until he was so close

he could see the bullets spatter into the fuselage. He described how smoke started to emerge from the Heinkel and one propeller cut out. The German gunner's machine-gun stopped firing and the landing-wheels of the machine dropped, either because the controls had been cut or because the pilot had dropped them as a sign of surrender. The Heinkel finally crashed.



GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR AT A PRISON CAMP IN ENGLAND :

"SOMEWHERE in the North of England," one of the first batches of German prisoners of war is now settling down to a new life in a prison camp which has been established less than a month after the start of war. There are some forty prisoners in the camp, which is in this case a disused mill in a hilly district. Nearly all of them are young men, most of them clothed in flannels, a pullover, and a jacket. To identify them as prisoners, each has a large, brightly coloured patch on the knee and back. The mill itself is surrounded by a tall double "apron" of wire netting, with powerful electric lights illuminating it at night. The prisoners are guarded day and night by men of



GERMAN PRISONERS IN ENGLAND HAVE NO SOME OF THEM ARE SEEN ADDRESSING



USE TO COMPLAIN OF THEIR DIET. HERE THEMSELVES TO WELL-FILLED PLATES.

GOOD FOOD, GOOD TREATMENT—AND FOOTBALL AS A RECREATION.

(Continued.) the National Defence Corps, most of whom are veterans of the Great War of 1914-18. The chief difference in the day's routine from that of a soldier is that the prisoners have more fatigues. They are being set to work on the land around the camp, and have a busy time filling sandbags. Recreation is not forgotten, and football matches, physical jerks, and so on are popular. The men's good humour and health are well looked after, but the authorities make sure they are not given any privileges they should not have. Nearby roads are closed to traffic, and police patrol the district.

Photographs by A.P., Fox, and C.P.U.



HOW THE PRISONERS KEEP FIT BY DOING USEFUL WORK—IN THIS CASE FILLING SANDBAGS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SENTRY ON GUARD AND THE WIRE FENCE ROUND THE PRISON.



LEARNING TO DO THINGS FOR THEMSELVES: THE BARBER'S SHOP, WHERE PRISONERS CUT THE HAIR OF THEIR FELLOWS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CAMP BARBER.



FOOTBALL AS A RECREATION IN THE PRISON CAMP—WHICH IS A DISUSED MILL SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND: A GAME WITH AN ENGLISH SOLDIER AS REFEREE.



DIGGING UP WASTE GROUND, WHICH WILL DOUBTLESS BE USED TO GROW FOOD, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BRITISH OFFICERS. THE PRISONERS ALL WEAR CIVILIAN CLOTHES, WITH SPECIAL MARKS INSERTED.



CARVING FOR HIS TABLE IN THE PRISONERS' MESS: A GERMAN WHO LOOKS BOTH HEALTHY AND CONTENTED IN HIS NEW SURROUNDINGS.



GERMANS FOR WHOM THE WAR IS OVER: TYPES OF MEN IN A PRISONERS' CAMP—ALL OF THEM YOUTHFUL—WATCHING FOOTBALL AND ENJOYING CIGARETTES.



PARADE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE DISUSED MILL IN WHICH THE MEN ARE QUARTERED. EACH PRISONER HAS BEEN CAREFULLY PROVIDED WITH A GAS-MASK—AGAINST THE POSSIBILITY OF GERMAN AIR RAIDS.



ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE PARADE. THE MEN WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE CAMERA ARE THE SQUAD LEADERS, ELECTED BECAUSE THEY CAN SPEAK ENGLISH AND ACT AS INTERPRETERS.



THE MARCH TO THE FOOTBALL GROUND, WITH FIXED BAYONETS AGAIN—BUT WITH A BRITISH SERGEANT TO CARRY THE BALL.

THE mobilisation of 1914 provided Germany with one of the most formidable military machines to be found in the history of warfare. It was strong in numbers, comprising 50 active divisions, 32 reserve divisions, and *Ersatz* and *Landwehr* formations amounting to the equivalent of 15 divisions more. For a mass army, however, it was of high physical quality, because all available men had never been called up for training, and there were therefore no weaklings in its ranks. The command was very sound, if rarely brilliant; the staff work was careful and competent; the regimental and battalion leadership was remarkably good; the administrative services were well organised, especially those of the railways, which may be described as superb. The corps of officers, largely aristocratic, though containing a strong middle-class element, was a race apart, but one which repaid its privileges and prestige by hard work and devotion to duty. The under-officers were first-class, thousands of them being fully capable of commanding platoons and, after some experience of warfare, even companies, though only a fraction could ever hope to rise above the rank of sergeant-major. The rank and file, far from tenderly treated—as witness those unpleasant barracks with sleeping-bunks in tiers—was well trained, thrusting in attack and steady in defence. The artillery was rather less skilful than that of the French, and the field-gun was not a genuine quick-firer like the

THE WAR WITH NAZI GERMANY: THE GERMAN ARMY, 1914 AND 1939.

By CYRIL FALLS.

because the commanders always knew the troops and their capacities better than the staff officers, whereas it was the latter who took the vital decisions. There is reason to believe that it still survives to some extent.

After its return to Germany the old Army dissolved. To combat the anarchy and, in many districts, the revolutionary movements which followed defeat, bodies of volunteers were then enrolled. They accomplished their task easily enough, frequently defeating largely superior forces of rebels, themselves mainly disbanded soldiers and sailors. From these volunteers was formed the *Reichswehr*, the miniature army of 100,000 men which was all that was permitted to Germany by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. This force, the child of the General von Seeckt mentioned above, was composed of long-service volunteers, the cream of the younger officers and men of the old Army. Under the able guidance of Seeckt and his lieutenants, it was kept out of politics and admirably trained. Experience with weapons such as aircraft, heavy artillery and tanks, forbidden by the Treaty, was acquired by the secret despatch of detachments for training with the Red Army. The *Reichswehr* at first treated the

Army is still to-day a redoubtable foe, whose military virtues it were folly to underrate.

The tactical doctrine with which it is animated is derived from the theories of Seeckt, and is perhaps better suited to his miniature force, with its superlative standard of training, than to a great

national army. It also appears to have been touched by that restless, reckless and arrogant spirit which is part of the Nazi heritage. A superb army while things go well, one feels; and then one asks, but how if things go wrong? In one particular the tradition goes much further back than either the Nazis or General von Seeckt. It goes back to Field-Marshal von Moltke: training which will ensure that every officer, from General to subaltern, takes not only a sound decision in emergency, but also the decision which every other officer would take in his place, so that uniformity of doctrine runs right through the Army; outside and beyond that, an astonishing liberty of action, an urgent invitation to initiative. Decentralisation is to be practised, as practised it was in Poland, to a degree unknown in the French Army or in our own. Training, it is hoped, will provide a form of insurance against disastrous errors, but an error will be forgiven more readily than inaction. Risks must be taken, because he who risks nothing will win no victories. Reconnaissance, by aircraft and, where conditions admit, by tanks, motorised cavalry, even horsed cavalry, and detachments of infantry, will



THE "MINIMUM" SOVIET DEMANDS ON FINLAND: A MAP SHOWING THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF HANGÖ AND ISLANDS IN THE GULF OF FINLAND PROBABLY REQUIRED BY THE U.S.S.R. The first indication of the extent of demands made by the U.S.S.R. during the Finno-Soviet negotiations, which have been carried on intermittently since October 12, was given by M. Molotov, when he addressed the Supreme Soviet Council on October 31. Finland is apparently required to lease to the U.S.S.R. a naval base on the mainland (probably Hangö); to cede territory in the Leningrad area and certain Finnish islands in the Gulf (probably Seiskari, Lavansaari and Tytärsaari). The cession of Hangö would enable the Soviet to control the north entrance to the Gulf of Finland, the south entrance being already guarded by the port of Baltiski, now leased from Estonia. The map above shows the strategic importance of some of these places.

"seventy-five"; but there was ample compensation in the superior strength of the heavy artillery and in the greater number of howitzers of all calibres. Perhaps the most remarkable and valuable quality of the Army was its uniformity—a notable achievement in view of the fact that Bavaria, Saxony and Württemberg had their own national forces and Bavaria had even its own War Ministry. It was a homogeneous Army, level in quality throughout. Bad German formations were unknown in 1914, and not common until some became tainted with the Bolshevik mildew towards the end of the war.

I shall not speak here of the achievements of the German Army in 1914-18; all who possess the most cursory knowledge of that war know that they were such as to merit the pride of any nation. But I shall make mention of one characteristic which had a certain effect upon the future. The Germans did not produce a single outstanding commander. Even Falkenhayn, in his brief Rumanian campaign, can scarcely be regarded as such, because the superior quality of his troops made the result a foregone conclusion. Others were competent, but one and all of them were run by their staffs. Mackensen might hold the limelight, but Seeckt, in the wings, was the man who really counted; Leopold of Bavaria might exercise supreme command in the East, but he did exactly what Max Hoffmann, in the most respectful manner, told him to do. These men and a score of other brilliant staff officers held all the strings in their hands. The German Army did everything at the bidding of staff officers. It was an evil system, if only

National Socialist movement with contempt, General von Brauchitsch being prominent in his opposition to the Nazi S.S.; but it was out-manoeuvred and brought to heel. The Nazis found the process easy, because both parties had one very important goal—that of rearmament and conscription—in common. Thus Seeckt's little model army, useless for offence and of small value except as a nucleus even in defence against the French Army, passed away, though not without bequeathing something of value to its successor. The wheel turned full circle and the German Army was re-formed approximately on the same scale and system as the Army of 1914.

Yet if the Hitlerian Army began the war of 1939 in possession of armament and equipment immensely superior to those of the Imperial Army in 1914, it suffers from certain disadvantages by comparison with the latter. The lack of training of the classes which were not called up before the Treaty of Versailles had been repudiated can hardly be considered very serious, except in the somewhat unlikely event of a major campaign against France and Britain taking place before next spring. We hope to train tens of thousands of efficient soldiers in the same period. The shortage of officers is graver, because the young German, for all his high military qualities, does not take to command as readily as the young Briton. Again, the educational level of the subaltern officers is inferior to that of twenty-five years ago, because the schools from which they issue have deteriorated under the régime of Hitler. The N.C.O. is good still, but not quite what he was. Nevertheless, the German

provide the necessary security and liberty of action. Fire power, quickly developed and crushing in volume, is more important than manoeuvre in the development of the attack. Mislead, mystify, screen yourself in camouflage, in smoke; strike suddenly and violently as though from behind a screen. And this phase of the doctrine extends from the realm of tactics to that of strategy and above that to the realm of policy. At the top is the system of lies, of propaganda, of cajolery and vituperation. The insistent question "Where is the 'Ark Royal'?" may not at first sight appear to be related to military tactics, but it is, in fact, part and parcel of the method, one might say, of the philosophy, with which Nazi Germany wages war.

How such an army would fare against what the Germans themselves call "equal-born" forces can only be matter for speculation. The risks taken by the tanks and armoured cars in the Polish campaign, when they pushed forward with no support but that of aircraft, would have led to disaster against a better-equipped foe, but in such a case more prudent methods would probably have been employed. There are canny and hard-headed men among the senior German commanders, and it is probable that foreign reports speak truth in representing that these soldiers have restrained Hitler from an attack on the Maginot Line. To stand up to a German assault, the defensive weapons wherewith the French and British Armies are provided are entirely adequate if effectively used. Defence is largely a question of training and morale. If they are satisfactory, there should be no reason to fear modern German offensive tactics.

THE B.E.F.—AS A FRENCH ARTIST SEES IT: AN ARMY WHOSE YOUTH AND SPLENDID EQUIPMENT HAVE IMPRESSED OUR ALLIES.



MADE BY A FRENCH ARTIST VISITING THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: A DRAWING OF MEN'S SLEEPING-QUARTERS ESTABLISHED IN A WELL-VENTILATED STABLE; KEPT SCRUPULOUSLY CLEAN.



LIEUT.-GENERAL H. R. POWNALL; WHO WAS KNOWN BEFORE THE WAR AS AN EMINENT ARTILLERY SPECIALIST.



HOW THE MODERN BRITISH SOLDIER APPEARS TO A FRENCHMAN: (LEFT) A MECHANISED CAVALRYMAN OF AN ARMoured CAR UNIT (LANCIER PORTÉ), WITH HIS REVOLVER ON HIS THIGH; (CENTRE) A YOUNG INFANTRY COLONEL WEARING THE SAME BATTLE-DRESS AS HIS MEN (DESCRIBED BY THE ARTIST AS COMBINAISON DE SKI À TRENTE-DEUX BOUTONS CACHÉS); AND AN INFANTRYMAN WEARING A COVER ON HIS TIN-HAT AND A COMBINAISON DE SKI.



AN AIRMAN (AGED TWENTY), EQUIPPED WITH A MICROPHONE WHICH KEEPS HIM CONSTANTLY IN TOUCH WITH THE GROUND WHILE IN FLIGHT.



TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, AS SEEN BY A FRENCH ARTIST: A SCOTTISH OFFICER, AND "A SOLDIER OF A SCOTTISH REGIMENT."

These drawings form part of a series published in our French contemporary "L'Illustration," and were made by a French artist, L. Jonas, during a tour of the English Army areas in France. They are accompanied by an article giving a very lively impression of our Army's life. The most striking thing about the British, the writer finds, is their extraordinary youthfulness. The colonels are aged forty,

the majors thirty-five, the captains thirty. Some of the men are only nineteen, and the oldest twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Another thing is the fine quality of the war material, the motors and side-cars on the roads—all brand-new, beautifully made, and splendidly organised. "Precursors in the matter of motorisation," he notes, "the English have maintained a comfortable lead in this sphere."

SKETCHES REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."

THE TECHNICAL SIDE OF WAR:

BRITISH WEAPONS IN ACTION; DEFENCE ON THE ETHER; EQUIPPING THE HOME FRONT.



ACTUATED BY SPECIAL MECHANISM FOR USE IN FORCED DESCENTS AT SEA:
THE COLLAPSIBLE RUBBER DINGHY CARRIED BY R.A.F. AIRCRAFT.

This collapsible rubber dinghy is carried in a position on R.A.F. 'planes which enables it easily to float free after automatic inflation from a cylinder of compressed gas. When the 'plane alights on the sea, water flowing into an inlet-pipe under the machine actuates the mechanism. Meanwhile the crew detach their flying equipment, blow up their life-saving waistcoats, jump clear of the aircraft, and clamber into the dinghy. (P.N.A.)



A DREN LIGHT MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT FIRING TRACER-BULLETS DURING NIGHT EXERCISES IN ORDER TO CORRECT THEIR AIM.

The utilisation of tracer-bullets for correcting the aim of machine-guns by direct observation of the actual point of striking is of great value in positional warfare. The tracer-bullets now in use include a type with its base covered by a coating of phosphorus, which glows immediately after being fired. The glowing bullets leave the impression of a streak on the photographic negative. The curved tracks are produced by ricochets. (S. and G.)



HOW THE B.B.C. KEEPS CONSTANT WATCH ON ENEMY BROADCAST PROPAGANDA OR INACCURATE NEWS PRONOUNCEMENTS: A "MONITOR" SWITCHING ON THE APPARATUS FOR RECORDING BROADCASTS.

A great expansion in the work of "monitoring"—listening to and recording information contained in programmes broadcast by other countries—has taken place since the war by the B.B.C. in association with the Ministry of Information, and its scope, operating speed, and accuracy have been progressively improved. The many daily foreign broadcasts are carefully listened to by special operators at the B.B.C., who make records of important broadcasts which are afterwards translated into English. A staff of expert linguists is employed. (Keystone.)



A WEAPON ADMIRABLY SUITED TO DEAL WITH DIVING AND BOMBING 'PLANES: A BOFORS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.

The Bofors A-A. gun is a Swedish design now being manufactured in England. It is of small calibre, and intended for use against low-flying enemy aircraft, and is regarded as of considerable potential value in dealing with sudden dive-bombing attacks on ground objectives. The gun may be operated on the "hose-pipe" system, over open sights, as seen in this photograph, or else aimed indirectly. (Topical.)



LONDON'S FIRST "PRODUCER-GAS" BUS NOW IN OPERATION BETWEEN KINGSTON AND EPSOM DOWNS—BURNING GAS GENERATED IN A SPECIAL TRAILER

The first "producer-gas" bus to be introduced on the London routes started running on November 1, between Kingston and Epsom Downs. The bus is propelled by gas generated in a special device which consumes anthracite, charcoal, or even peat, the "stove" being placed on a trailer at the back of the bus, to which the gases pass in a thick hose-pipe. Altogether, the trailer forms an extension to the bus of about ten feet. (A.P.)



REMINISCENT OF THE FAMOUS KU-KLUX-KLAN: WORKMEN TESTING FIRE-FIGHTING ASBESTOS SUITS.

The danger of incendiary and other bombs causing a series of widespread fires during an air raid has necessitated special attention by the authorities to counter-measures, such research being of equal importance to the R.A.F., when machines catch alight after a crash. Here workers are seen testing asbestos fire-fighting suits in a factory where they are made. (Fox.)

THE CHILD RULER COMES TO LHASA : HOMAGE TO THE NEW FOUR-YEAR-OLD DALAI LAMA.



THE DALAI LAMA, THE NEW INCARNATION OF AVALOKITESVARA, THE ANCESTOR OF THE TIBETANS, NEARS HIS CAPITAL: THE PROCESSION AND THE PALANQUIN IN WHICH THE CHILD TRAVELLED.



THE YELLOW AND BLUE PEACOCK TENT IN WHICH THE REINCARNATED DALAI LAMA RECEIVED THE HOMAGE OF THE REGENT AND OTHER OFFICIALS—INCLUDING BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES.



THE NEW DALAI LAMA: THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD PEASANT CHILD FROM THE DISTANT PROVINCE OF SILLING, THE FOURTEENTH INCARNATION OF THE BODDHISATVA AVALOKITESVARA.



THE ENCAMPMENT ON A PLAIN BELOW ROCKY FOOTHILLS WHICH WAS THE SCENE OF THE FIRST CEREMONY ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE DALAI LAMA; THE PEACOCK TENT BEING IN THE CENTRE SURROUNDED WITH OTHER TENTS LAID OUT IN SQUARES.

The new Dalai Lama of Tibet arrived at Lhasa early in October. The new ruler is, of course, a child. He is four years old and was found in the distant Chinese province of Silling. Tibetans believe him to be the reincarnation of their compassionate ruler Chenrezi. On his way to Lhasa (whither he was accompanied by his father and mother and two brothers) the child rested at the monastery of Rigya, some two miles away. The Regent of Tibet went in procession to Rigya to await his coming. After a short rest at Rigya the child was carried down to receive homage in the Peacock Tent. When he was seated on the throne the officials, headed by the Regent, began to file past him offering

white scarves and receiving his blessing. Those appearing before him included British, Nepalese, and Chinese representatives. "The dignity and self-possession of the child impressed everyone" writes a special correspondent of "The Times" who was present: "He looked about calmly, seeming unmoved by the magnificence, and as if he were in familiar surroundings. Although appearing to grow tired towards the end of the ceremony he did not lose his composure. He never smiled, but maintained a placid, equable gaze. Much of his attention was directed to a calm inspection of members of the British Mission, as though he were trying to recall where he had seen such people before."

CURRENT EVENTS IN PICTURES—ROYAL, ECCLESIASTIC, NAVAL, AND A.F.S.



THE ENTHRONEMENT AT ST. PAUL'S OF DR. FISHER "INTO THE BISHOPRIC AND EPISCOPAL DIGNITY OF LONDON"—(LEFT) DR. FISHER KNOCKING THRICE ON THE MAIN WEST DOOR WITH HIS CROOK BEFORE ENTERING ST. PAUL'S; AND (RIGHT) DESCENDING THE CATHEDRAL STEPS.

On the page opposite we publish a special drawing of the impressive scene as Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, lately Bishop of Chester, was enthroned as Bishop of London in St. Paul's Cathedral on November 3. In addition to the large general congregation, those present included the Lord Mayor, and dignitaries of the Eastern Church. The left-hand photograph shows the Bishop knocking thrice on the main West Door with his crook, after which he re-entered the Cathedral to be enthroned

by the Archdeacon of Canterbury "into the Bishopric and Episcopal Dignity of London." Previously the Latin oath had been read, and the bells pealed, the Bishop then leaving by the south-west door to re-enter as already described. The procession of clergy to the Episcopal Throne was then joined by the Lord Mayor (preceded by the Sword and Mace) and accompanied by the Sheriffs and Aldermen in their robes. (Photographs by Sport and General and Associated Press.)



SALVAGE-WORK ON THE "THETIS"—NOW REPORTED READY FOR TOWING TO HOLYHEAD—IN ANGLESEY, NORTH WALES. THIRTY-FOUR BODIES ARE STILL ENTOMBED IN THE SUBMARINE, WHICH, IT WILL BE RECALLED, WAS LOST ON JUNE 1.

Experts examined the torpedo-room of the "Thetis" on November 6, and the results will be disclosed when the enquiry into the disaster is resumed. The "Thetis" was brought to the surface on October 23—the first time she had appeared above water since the falling tide had uncovered part of her stern shortly after her loss on June 1. Later she was beached in a tiny bay in Anglesey, where water was to be pumped out of her. Her outer structure was not seriously damaged, her

bridge being twisted on the starboard side, and her periscope bent. Bad weather interfered with operations, but at high tide on November 6, the "Thetis" floated for the first time in a fortnight, and was reported ready to be towed to Holyhead. Thirty-four bodies are still stated to be in the submarine; these, it is said, are to be recovered by a Staffordshire mining rescue squad. The "Thetis" sank with 103 men on board, four being rescued. (Photographs by I.B.)



A SWARM OF TAXIS WITH TRAILER-PUMPS—WHICH WITH 4000 A.F.S. FIREMEN CONVINCED EXPERTS OF LONDON'S ABILITY TO PUT OUT INCENDIARY BOMBS; AT BLACKFRIARS.

Above we show some of the trailer-pumps drawn by taxis which were employed on November 4, when four thousand auxiliary firemen, with 600 fire-fighting appliances, took part in large-scale exercises based on the assumption that enemy bombs had started fires which "threatened the city with destruction." The exercises convinced Home Office and London fire-chiefs that London's fire-fighters could cope with the most disastrous of incendiary bomb raids. (Planet.)

THE QUEEN'S INFORMAL VISIT TO QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S HOSPITAL: HER MAJESTY ADMIRING A RECENT ARRIVAL AT THE FAMOUS BABIES' HOSPITAL, OF WHICH SHE IS PATRON.

On November 2 the Queen paid an informal visit to Queen Charlotte's Hospital, of which she is patron, and visited all the wards. Queen Charlotte's is one of the few London hospitals not evacuated, and which will not take in air raid casualties. Her Majesty arranged to broadcast to the Empire on Armistice Day, that is, to-day. This five-minutes talk is a historic occasion in the story of British wireless development. (Keystone.)

LONDON'S NEW BISHOP ENTHRONED: A CEREMONY UNDIMMED BY WAR.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY DENNIS FLANDERS.



A SYMBOL OF THE CHURCH'S STEADFASTNESS BEFORE THE THREATS OF NAZI PAGANISM: THE MAJESTIC CEREMONY OF THE ENTHRONEMENT OF A NEW BISHOP AT ST. PAUL'S—IN A LONDON PERPETUALLY ON THE QUI VIVE FOR RAIDERS.

In strange contrast with a London transformed by the threat of Nazi air raids was the ceremony of the enthronement of the new Bishop at St. Paul's—the first full-dress ceremony held in the Cathedral since war began. With full historic and picturesque solemnity Dr. Fisher, lately Bishop of Chester, was enthroned on November 3, in succession to Dr. Winnington-Ingram, and the 107th Bishop

of London since Mellitus, who converted the heathen Saxons. This drawing was made from the point of the cornice that runs along the top of the nave arches. It shows the procession which brought the new Bishop, after he had taken the oath, through the great West Door (on which he knocked thrice with his crook), moving towards the High Altar. The procession included the Lord Mayor.

THE OXFORD SCENE TRANSFORMED: A FEMININE INVASION



ST. HUGH'S, ONE OF OXFORD'S FOUR WOMEN'S COLLEGES, WHICH IS INTENDED FOR USE AS A HOSPITAL: ITS MEMBERS BEING NOW RESIDENT IN HOSTELS BELONGING TO BALLIOL, AND NEW COLLEGE.



TO FACILITATE ENTRY AND EXIT DURING THE UNIVERSAL BLACKOUT: A PAINTED WHITE LINE WHICH RUNS THROUGH ARCHWAYS, QUADRANGLES AND COURTYARDS TO THE PORTER'S LODGE AT MERTON COLLEGE.

In some respects war hastens social change to an astonishing degree; and it seems more than probable that the monastic side of Oxford life, which already had been decreasing in importance during the last few years, may have departed for good by the end of the war. This possibility seems implicit in the photograph of Balliol undergraduates sharing their dinner in "Hall" with women from Chatham House (the Royal Institute of International Affairs). It is, however, to be noted that the seatable appears to be



"B.N.C." AS AN AIR RAID WARDEN'S POST—AN OXFORD WARTIME TRANSFORMATION: THE FINE DOORWAY OF BRASENORSE COLLEGE, WITHIN WHICH ARE NOW KEPT ALL THE REQUISITE A.R.P. APPARATUS.



SEX OF THE R.A.M.C. "FALLING IN" IN THE COURTYARD OF THE EXAMINATION SCHOOLS: IN THIS COURTYARD WILL BE BUILT AN OPERATING THEATRE, AS IN THE LAST WAR.

entirely used by undergraduates. Women undergraduates from St. Hugh's—henceforth to be a hospital—are now resident in hostels belonging to Balliol and New College. Another instance of feminine penetration is to be found in the picture of the steps by the porter's lodge of St. John's, with the notice-board proclaiming: "Baths: Ladies only." Owing to the requirements of Government Departments, hospital authorities, and other bodies, not all undergraduates, are in their own colleges. Against the normal total of about

OF BALLIOL AND ST. JOHN'S; RUSKIN AS MATERNITY HOME.



INCONGRUITIES OF WAR: AN AIR RAID SHELTER OF SANDBAGS AND CANVAS RAISED IN THE LEAFY GARDENS OF ST. JOHN'S.



GIRL CLERKS DESCENDING THE STEPS BY THE PORTER'S LODGE AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE: A "GLARING" INSTANCE OF FEMININE PENETRATION.



RUSKIN COLLEGE CONVERTED INTO A MATERNITY HOME: WHERE MORE THAN A HUNDRED BABIES HAVE ALREADY BEEN BORN TO EVACUATED MOTHERS.



THE GATEWAY, HOARY WITH AGE, OF CHRIST CHURCH, WHICH HAS WITNESSED NOTHING STRANGER THROUGH THE CENTURIES THAN THE PORTER'S AIR RAID SHELTER!



ENSCONCED IN A SHINE OF OXFORD LEARNING: MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF CHATHAM HOUSE IN THE LIBRARY OF BALLIOL.



DESPITE AUGMENTATION BY THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS STAFF, THE DINING-HALL AT BALLIOL IS ONLY PART FILLED.



WOMEN INVADERS THE SACRED PRECINCTS OF BALLIOL!: UNDERGRADUATES SHARING "HALL" WITH MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF CHATHAM HOUSE.

5000, there are in residence this Michaelmas term only 2600 students, men students having dropped from 4150 to 2000; women from 450 to 400. As "The Times" University correspondent pointed out in a recent article, the existing conditions are even stranger to those who knew the University in peacetime than to those coming-up for the first time, as freshmen, "to whom *omne ignotum* was always, if not *pro magnifico*, at least part of a novel adventure." Yet, despite the serious gaps in professorial circles owing to the

exigencies of war service, the University is taking steps to secure that freshmen shall have as normal and profitable a stay as can be devised. Thirteen colleges, eleven men's and two women's, are available for accommodation, and these take both their own students and some from other colleges. It is interesting to learn that, despite the dislocation of University activities, the new Bodleian, the Ashmolean extension, and the new Chemical and Physics Laboratories are proceeding at their normal rate towards completion.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



DISHES OF FISHES FOR WARTIME.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN these days of stress, the possibilities of adding to our native sources of food must be ever in our minds. Hence careful consideration should be given to a letter which, on Oct. 23 last, appeared in *The Times* concerning the hitherto much-despised "coarse fish" of our streams and ponds. These we have, almost by common consent, agreed to regard merely as affording "sport" to the anglers. I well remember, when, as a boy, I was living amid the Norfolk Broads, seeing boat-loads of fishermen on these beautiful waters, angling for roach, bream, perch, and so on, and emptying their catches in heaps at the landing-stage, to be presently carted away as manure!

But before I go further, let me express my strong dissent to two points in that letter. The first suggested a suspension of the "close season"—March to June—for these "coarse fishes" while we are at war. If this were done, it would be killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. The assumption that during these four months we should deprive ourselves of an abundance of wholesome and palatable food is entirely unjustified, for during the breeding season these fish are *unfit* for food—even for pigs. The second concerns the statement that the supply of such fish is "inexhaustible." This it most emphatically is *not*: at any rate, as a "wartime" supply.

Opinions have differed very widely as to the edibility of about twenty of our native fresh-water species. A recently published volume on my shelves assures

Eels have long held a high place as a "food-fish." Some of my readers may recall evidence as to this in one of the Ingoldsby Legends. "Go pop Sir Thomas back in the pond, perhaps he will catch some more eels." The poor gentleman had apparently lain there some time! They are a gift from the sea which, having nursed them through their infantile, or larval, stage, sends them into our rivers, as "elvers," in myriads. Here they stay till sexually mature, when they return to the sea to spawn in the great deeps—and die.

The perch (Fig. 4), though commonly looked at

About the pike there is a difference of opinion. Izaak Walton gives elaborate instructions about the way to cook it. "Let him be roasted very leisurely, and often basted with claret wine, and anchovies and butter, mixt together." Dr. Regan tells us that "a river-fish, of medium size, taken in the autumn or winter, is by no means bad, if properly cooked"; which is rather like damning with faint praise! Though Walton assures us that "this dish of meat is too good for any but anglers or very honest men"! In the Middle Ages, the pike was held in high esteem, and was a feature at every banquet.

Finally, I come to species which can be kept in ponds. The tench is one of these. Tench were kept in olden days by the monks in "stew-ponds." Modern writers tell us that the flesh is white and firm, but varies in quality. A certain muddiness of flavour can be got rid of by scalding. The carp is another fish described as "fairly good eating" when well cooked. It also was kept by the monks in their "stew-ponds." But all recipes for its cooking recommend the use of plenty of wine, and other accessories to disguise its muddy flavour!

The smelt is indeed rightly valued as a table-fish, and is in best condition in the autumn and early spring. When freshly caught, it diffuses an odour of cucumber. But it is rather surprising to find that it will thrive, and breed, when kept in ponds. So far, however, I can find no records of such ponds. And it is no less surprising to find that all the grey



FIG. 1. A "COARSE FISH" CONCERNING WHICH OPINIONS ARE VERY DIVERSE AS TO ITS VALUE AS A "FOOD-FISH": THE ROACH, ONE OF THE COMMONEST OF OUR FRESH-WATER FISHES, WHOSE FLESH IS WHITE AND FIRM, THOUGH RATHER MUDDY, EXCEPT THOSE TAKEN IN CLEAR RUNNING WATER.

The stock of roach was seriously depleted by the great inrush of the sea on the Norfolk coast during the last winter. In a letter published in "The Times" on October 23, a correspondent wrote that "a fresh-caught roach or dace, properly treated, is as good as an average brown trout, and a tench far superior to a flabby whiting."



FIG. 2. RIGHTLY VALUED AS A TABLE-FISH, AND IN BEST CONDITION IN THE AUTUMN AND EARLY SPRING: THE SMELT, WHICH, WHEN FRESHLY CAUGHT, DIFFUSES AN ODOUR OF CUCUMBER. The smelt is said to thrive, and breed, when kept in ponds; but there seem to be no records of such ponds in this country. (Photograph by E. J. Manly.)



FIG. 3. THE COMMON CARP, ONCE HIGHLY ESTEEMED AS A TABLE-FISH BY THE MONKS OF THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES, WHO KEPT IT IN PONDS, AND ON THE CONTINENT AT THE PRESENT DAY: A FISH NOW LOOKED UPON, AS A RULE, WITH SOME DISFAVOUR, ON ACCOUNT OF A CERTAIN "MUDDINESS" OF FLAVOUR WHICH, HOWEVER, A SKILFUL COOK MAY REMOVE AFTER ONE OR TWO EXPERIMENTS.

me, for example, that roach, dace and chub, however cooked, are indistinguishable from a dish composed of a packet of needles, some wet cotton-wool soaked in mud, and a little powdered glass added as a condiment! But Dr. Tate Regan, one of our highest authorities on both fresh- and salt-water fishes, tells us that the flesh of the roach (Fig. 1) is white and firm, but usually rather muddy, though this does not apply to those taken in clear running water. His comments on the chub and dace, however, are somewhat restrained. He tells us that the chub is coarse and bony, but "with some trouble" can be made to form a "passably good dish"; while the dace is "a little better than chub." When doctors differ, who shall decide?

But there are some fourteen or fifteen of our British fishes which have been too long neglected by us as sources of wholesome food which might well afford enjoyment; and some of them lose little by comparison with salmon and trout. The grayling, for example, is held by many to be as good as, or even better than, trout, especially when taken in the autumn. St. Ambrose, "the glorious Bishop of Milan," we are told, "who lived when the Church kept fasting-days, calls him the flower of fishes." The char of the Lake District have long been famous, whether as freshly cooked fish or potted. Long ago Daniel Defoe described the char of "Winander Mere" as "a curious fish, and as a dainty is potted and sent far and near by way of present." The lakes of the British Islands, as a whole, include some twenty species of char.



FIG. 4. COMMONLY LOOKED AT ASKANCE AS A TABLE-FISH, BUT THEREBY MISJUDGED: THE PERCH (*PERCA FLUVIATILIS*), WHICH FURNISHES EXCELLENT FARE, WHITE, FIRM AND WELL-FLAVOURED.

The perch has been sadly neglected as a table-fish, for it really furnishes most excellent eating, this being especially true of fish taken from the rivers. (Photograph by E. J. Manly.)

askance as a table-fish, is, indeed, misjudged. It really furnishes excellent fare, white, firm, and well flavoured; and this is especially true of fish taken from the rivers. The burbot, or eel-pout, attaining to a length of over 2 ft. and a weight of 8 lb., is in favour among all who have eaten it, and it is much appreciated on the Continent. Unfortunately, it is found only in rivers flowing into the North Sea, from Durham to Norfolk. A demand for this fish might be met—but only for a very limited time—since it is readily captured in traps, or on lines baited with worms or small fish.

and other fish, which were hauled out by a landing-net, plumped into a pair of scales, alive and kicking, and then into the open basket of the expectant purchaser. Who knows, we may be doing the same before very long!

Finally, it is to be hoped that the experts on food analysis will take up the problem of ridding some of these fish of their muddy flavour. Whence does it come? Is it taken up by the blood from the food? It is to be noted that it is strongest in weed-eating fishes. Can this "muddiness" be traced in the tissues of these plants?



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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THAT fierce light which

beats upon a Cabinet is naturally intensified in wartime, when everyone wants to know what manner of men they are who are navigating the ship of State through the storm. Most of us are familiar with the names and portraits of those who form the present Government, and could say what offices they now hold, and—at any rate, in regard to the chief Ministers—might even give some details of their political past. Probably few people, however, if suddenly questioned, could sketch at all fully the previous careers of all the Ministers or say very much about their personalities and their general outlook. All this kind of information is given, briskly and vivaciously, in "RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN." By Watchman. With 16 Portraits (Hamish Hamilton; 7os. 6d.).

The first requisites in such a book are that it should be written in a vein at once candid, piquant, intimate, and omniscient. These qualities the book possesses in a high degree, and, as complete candour cannot always be conveniently achieved in *propria persona*, the author has discreetly joined the select company of the pseudonymous, headed by the historic Junius, and containing in our own time such pen-names as Scrutator, Pertinax, or the Gentleman with a Duster. This very revealing and entertaining volume is not restricted to actual members of the Government. The author devotes one chapter to an eminent elder statesman, Mr. Lloyd George, and another to a political stormy petrel, Sir Stafford Cripps, whose "regular business," as "Watchman" puts it, "is to utter lamentations, anguish and foreboding, to resurrect and revitalise Jeremiah, Job, and Cassandra." In the course of the book also, the author has much to say about Lord Baldwin and the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and discusses, incidentally, many other prominent or promising politicians, under such headings as "Who Leads Labour?", "Youth?", and "I Will Be Your Leader." In this last chapter he considers the prospects of various rising politicians as future candidates for the Premiership.

Mr. Chamberlain, of course, occupies the place of honour in the present volume, and the section concerning him is the most nearly up to date. On this point the author says: "To the reader it will be abundantly clear that most of this book was written before the end of Peace. Indeed, it is only the chapter on the Prime Minister which was written after the beginning of the war." In his account of the Premier's foreign policy and its results, "Watchman" is both critical and appreciative, and gives just that personal touch which cannot be got from reading Parliamentary reports. "When the whole Munich fabric collapsed in ruins in March," he writes, "Chamberlain looked shocked and surprised. I think his appearance was a sincere indication of the bitter disappointment that invaded him; he had genuinely believed that Hitler would keep his word." Again, discussing the most pacific of British statesmen since events forced him to lead his country into war, the author continues: "Neville Chamberlain . . . is a man of stubborn determination, and if, during the time that remains to him, he presses on with the fighting of the war as loyally as he struggled to maintain peace, posterity will thank him for clearing Europe of the Terror. Some have charged him with being a Fascist. It is a ludicrous charge. . . . Freedom of opinion is as absolute with him as Prime Minister as it has ever been. I may have implied criticism of some of the things that he has done. Yet no Gestapo will call on the publishers to threaten them with a concentration camp if they refuse to disclose my identity."

At this point there has just reached me a book which must certainly be linked with the foregoing, though the time available for me to study it is very short. The opportunity, however, ought not to be lost, and I must therefore do the best I can in the circumstances. The book in question is "THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES AUGUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN, K.G., P.C., M.P." By Sir Charles Petrie, Bt. With 11 half-tone illustrations. Vol. I. (Cassell; 16s.). Sir Charles Petrie, of course, is well known as a political biographer and historian, and among many other works has given us a life of Mussolini, a study of the Mediterranean problem entitled "Lords of the Inland Sea," and a book closely akin to his latest subject—namely, "The Chamberlain Tradition," dealing with the family as a whole. Both the two last-named books I remember reviewing here a year or two ago. I have been able to read enough of the present volume (the first of two) to say that the author has treated a congenial subject with great sympathy and thoroughness, making it extremely readable. The interest of the narrative is enhanced by the excellent illustrations.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

To revert for a moment to the preceding book—"Watchman" writes: "Eden, who had been the pupil, protégé and confidant of Austen Chamberlain, found himself in conflict with the Prime Minister's methods and principles; so he went in February 1938. From May 1937 to March 1939 men speculated on countless occasions 'what Austen would have said' of the various changes

that marked our foreign

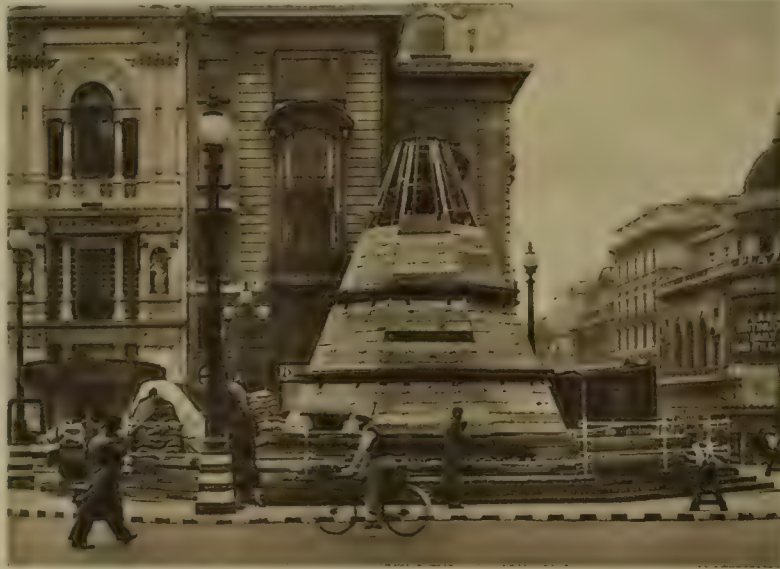
policy. To him, as to Churchill, Germany was the abiding danger. For nearly two years the policy of appeasement, in fact, strengthened Germany and enfeebled possible resistance to her. The death of Austen when Neville was within a few weeks of adding a Chamberlain to the scroll of Prime Ministers must have seemed to him a devilish tragedy. But, had Austen lived, would the austerity of his scruples have forced him to try to modify his brother's policy? Would he have felt bound to stand with Churchill, with Eden, with Cranborne, with Duff Cooper? Would his counsel have deflected our policy from the course it actually took? Or might not fraternal piety have prevailed and should we have seen Austen holding up his brother's hands in crisis and adversity as he had sometimes succoured Stanley Baldwin?"

Sir Charles Petrie's first volume concludes with the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, and shows that the two brothers were then completely at one regarding the British Government's action. In his closing pages Sir Charles writes: "The following morning, that of Monday, August 3rd, Austen attended a meeting of the Opposition leaders at Lansdowne House. . . . That afternoon Sir Edward Grey made his memorable speech in the House of Commons and the next day Great Britain was at war. In the light of the evidence it is difficult to resist the conclusion that Austen played the decisive part in inducing the Opposition leaders to bring pressure to bear on the Government to stand by France and Russia, or that this pressure was largely responsible for a decision being taken before it was too late. Ten days later Austen received a letter from his brother Neville: 'We are most grateful for the intensely interesting memorandum which I return herewith. It makes one fairly gasp to think that we were within a hair's-breadth of eternal disgrace, and some day the country will be grateful to Amery, G. Lloyd and you for having preserved her honour.'"

Austen Chamberlain was only about seven when he first came to realise the meaning of war, at the time of the Franco-Prussian clash in 1870. "Austen and his sister," we read, "were set to pick lint for the French wounded. To the end of his life the boy had the most vivid recollection of the pictures of the fighting which appeared in *The Illustrated London News*." Thus the thorniest problem in foreign politics became part of his early mental make-up. There can seldom have been a household with a more political atmosphere than Highbury, mingled with deep family affection, and "after Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's illness it was his son's custom to send him regular news of what was happening, in the form of letters to his stepmother." The book contains many extracts from these letters.

Politics, though naturally paramount, do not monopolise the appeal of this biography, which tells us also about Austen's schooldays at Rugby and undergraduate days at Cambridge, his travels and his friendships, and his happy married life. "Scenery, natural history, politics, and literature," we read, "continued to be his chief interests, and to the end he remained a very simple man in his habits and tastes." And again: "His brother Neville was to write of him after his death: 'He was always what Dr. Johnson used to describe as a "clubbable" man: that is to say, that he was naturally sociable and delighted in company.' " Art was another of his interests, and during a tour in Spain, for example, he comments on the works of Old Masters at Madrid and Seville. As a bookman, it seems, he had his likes and dislikes, and did not bow to accepted opinion. Thus we find him writing to his stepmother: "I have been reading Miss Austen's *Emma*. It forms a constant subject of dispute between the girls and me. I think she [Emma, presumably] is an odious creature, whilst Ida and Hilda (the latter especially) profess a great regard for her. If I am to choose at all I prefer Jane Fairfax. But I think Miss Austen is more successful with disagreeable than with pleasant people."

Having now almost reached my space limit, I must conclude with a list of other notable recent books—namely, "PRELUDE TO VICTORY." By Brig.-General E. L. Spears. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Illustrations and Maps (Cape; 18s.); "THE FOUNDATIONS OF BRITISH PATRIOTISM." By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford (Routledge; 12s. 6d.); "THE ANGLO-SAXON TRADITION." By George Catlin (Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d.); "THE BACK-GARDEN OF ALLAH." By Major C. S. Jarvis. Illustrated by Roly (Murray; 7s. 6d.); "DUSTY MEASURE": A Record of Troubled Times. By Colonel Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame. Illustrated (Murray; 12s. 6d.); and "ARMS AND THE TOWER." By Charles Ffoulkes. Illustrated (Murray; 12s. 6d.).



"THAT PAGAN JACKANAPES IN PICCADILLY" EMIGRATES ONCE MORE, THIS TIME INTO SAFE HARBOURAGE FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS THE BASE OF THE FAMOUS STATUE OF EROS BOARDED UP AND SANDBAGGED. (L.N.A.)



THE FAMILIAR STATUE OF KING CHARLES I. RIDING "HARD BY HIS OWN WHITEHALL" COMPLETELY OBLITERATED BY A PROTECTIVE COVERING OF SANDBAGS AND CORRUGATED IRON: THE AIR RAID SHELTER OF THE MARTYR KING AT CHARING CROSS. (Wide World.)

"Jacobus II. Rex—Somewhere Underground" protested in a recent letter to "The Times" that he might "with justice claim a share of the attention given to the protection of my August Father out in Whitehall." But he was reminded that for the statues of Charles I. at Charing Cross and Charles II. at Chelsea (a Grinling Gibbons, like himself) "baulks and sandbags were thought good enough."

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

A FEW weeks ago I drew attention to the danger of allowing our motor industry to fall into complete disuse owing to its preoccupation with the manufacture of war materials. The result of this would be that when peace returns there would be a hiatus of several months before the factories could be switched back to the manufacture of motor-cars, and meanwhile the country would be flooded with foreign cars. On that occasion I mentioned that the Standard Company are praiseworthily carrying on with an additional production programme, and now I have news of other firms' plans in this direction.

Mr. Dudley Noble tells me that the Hillman Motor Car Company are still experiencing a demand for their cars, and that reasonably good deliveries can be given at present. He adds, however, that it is very difficult to forecast how long these facilities will be available. In confirmation of this activity on the part of Hillmans, I myself have noticed several of the 1940 "Minxes" on the road lately, and I remember that this model was introduced a few days after the outbreak of war. In passing, I must say that the latest Hillman "Minx" is quite the prettiest model, in my eyes, at any rate, of all the "Minxes" made. The narrower radiator grille and the luggage-locker "bustle" have given the car a slimmer and more elongated appearance.

Another factory which is also experiencing a modest demand for cars and effecting reasonable deliveries is the Sunbeam-Talbot factory in North Kensington. This concern, you may recall, announced a new 2-litre model of high performance on Aug. 30, and a very intriguing machine it is. I have long considered that British manufacturers would do well to make more of their highly efficient engines by reducing the weight of their cars, and they have now been set a splendid example by the 2-litre Sunbeam-Talbot, which has an engine rated at 13.9 h.p. and a total weight of less than 20 cwt. Comparisons, I know, are generally odious, but I find that the figures given me by Sunbeam-Talbots as regards the weight per cubic centimetre of engine capacity of their latest creation transcend such considerations. The figure for the new 2-litre Sunbeam-Talbot is 1.15 lb. per c.c., and this contrasts extremely

favourably with the corresponding figures for various other British cars selected at random, which have a ratio of 1.73, 1.56, 1.82, 1.46, 1.97, 1.59 and 1.25 lb. per cubic centimetre respectively.

This exceptionally good power-to-weight ratio gives the 2-litre Sunbeam-Talbot acceleration and maximum speed which are quite out of the ordinary. But speed alone is of no value without a corresponding degree of safety in the chassis, and I notice that this has been obtained in this particular case by the use of torsion-bar sway-eliminator, piston-type shock-absorbers and stabiliser bumper at the front end, and a special type of semi-elliptic spring all round in which the tips of each blade have been curved to obviate localised high loading caused by "digging in."

As was the case in the Great War of 1914-1918, the Rolls-Royce factory has given up the manufacture of motor-cars temporarily in favour of making aero-engines for the Government. But this time there is a great difference. In the last "Show" Rolls-Royce were making aero-engines for the first time, the forerunner of all Rolls engines of this kind being the famous "Eagle," which was designed and produced in an incredibly short space of time. On this occasion, of course, the Derby factory has for long been one of the chief production centres of aero-engines in this country. In a recent statement to the Press, the Managing Director of the firm, Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, said: "We shall not make any motor vehicles during wartime, but we intend to continue to advertise to preserve our goodwill for the future. I believe it would be in the interests of all makers of British cars to do the same." This view is supported and amplified by Capt. J. P. Black, the Managing Director of Standards, who said: "We must not let the foreigners make hay in the Dominions and Colonies while the war is on. We must be prepared instantly to turn to full peacetime production of motor-cars directly the last shot is fired, to prevent a heavy foreign onslaught on the home market."

Another concern that is doing its best to keep the flag flying in the British motor industry is the Riley Company, which is now a part of the Nuffield group. They tell me that they actually had the extraordinary experience of sales rising during September, the first month of the war! They are paying particular attention to the problem of servicing owners' cars, and to the supplying of spare parts.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"FRENCH FOR LOVE," AT THE CRITERION.

IT is one of the polite laws of the British drama that nothing *that shouldn't* ever happens "off stage." Though this does not apply to melodrama, in which, alas! almost everything exciting happens "off." In farce, nothing like red blood flows in the veins of the characters. They talk (and how, nowadays, the Censor permits them to talk!) with the greatest abandon. But never, we in the audience primly think, do they carry their words into acts. Were it not for this convention, the bright little farce under review might be somewhat shocking. Miss Alice Delysia is as enchanting as she was in the days when the bald-headed Brass Hats who thronged the stalls on the first night were mere subs. She can say, with the raising of an eyebrow, what the Censor has already blue-pencilled from the script. Mr. Cecil Parker makes an admirable foil. He is precisely the sort of country gentleman who, hating huntin' and shootin', feels it imperative to leave the home of his birth for ever. So he lives, with great content, in the South of France with Hortense (Miss Alice Delysia). Trouble comes when his daughter and her fiancé pay him a visit. The daughter spends a long, languorous night in the vineyards with a gigolo. Her fiancé, a boy of twenty, is shown to his room by Hortense. . . . At that moment the lights "off stage" fade out, and the curtain falls. The healthy, innocent laughter that applauded this curtain proves that a critic should move with the war times, and not be stuffy about such things as cradle-snatching. The farce is perfectly acted. It is excellent entertainment if it is not taken seriously.

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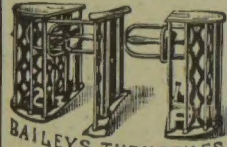
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